# UNITY

**Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.**

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## UNITY.

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## Editorial.

AN old and faithful reader of UNITY sends us a merited and loving rebuke for some bad English which has recently slipped through our editorial fingers into the pages of UNITY. He well says "every editor ought to consider himself a conservator of the purity of the language. This principle should apply to ministers as well as editors. It is not enough to disseminate correct principles, but they should be enunciated in fit and proper terms." All of this we heartily indorse. And yet sometimes we remember with tenderness and gratitude the triumphant flights of men who, like Father Taylor, must sometimes confess "I have lost my nominative case, but I am still on the road to glory."

CURIOUSLY enough, and we suspect truly, William Mathews, in an article on "Civilization and Suicide," in the *North American Review*, names the first as the most active cause of the second. "Self-killing is emphatically the crime of intellectual peoples," he says. Savage races know almost nothing of suicide, which, we are told, is rare among Mohammedans, and was little known in Rome until after the empire. To-day the Germans are at once the most cultured and suicidal race in Europe, France coming next, with England and Italy following. On the other hand, the nations which, actuated, it is to be feared, less by superior fortitude of character than the superstition arising from ignorance, report fewest cases of self-destruction, are Spain, Ireland, Portugal, etc. So invariable does Mr. Mathews regard this law that the list of a country's suicides may almost always be taken as an index to its general civilization. We ought, however, to remember that if Mr. Mathew's theory is correct, it is applicable only to an unfinished and transitory stage of human achievement. Suicide may be a feature of the present higher civilization, but is not therefore necessarily one of the highest. It is one of the incidental outgrowths of a certain period of development, a sign of the mental excess and unrest that precede the full-rounded development of the perfect man, who will be at once too just and too rational to seek escape from life's ills by controverting nature's laws.

IT was an exceedingly happy combination of circumstances that gave the first public use of the new Athenæum Hall to the delivery of the lecture on "Henry Thoreau" by E. W. Emerson, last Friday night. Mr. Emerson not only carries the prophetic name of his father but he glows with the same prophetic spirit. He loves the things his father loved and speaks for the same, in his own right and not for another or in another's phrase. It was a memorable occasion to the too few who were there to participate in it.

THE responsibility of the church in the development of a proper sense of self-respect in the poor, toward whom its labors are otherwise so noble and incessant, is the theme of an article by Rev. W. S. Rainsford in the last *Forum*. The maxim that "God helps those who help themselves," must be more rigidly enforced by our Christian philanthropists, says this writer, if they are to work in the true spirit of him whose name they bear. Christianity, he urges, is not a system of sentimental charity and indiscriminate giving. It is primarily the recognition of every man's native worth, and power to raise himself to the highest estate of good and self-respecting manhood. The old motives of love and mercy will not alone suffice to solve the social problems of the times, unless they be energized and strengthened anew with that heroic spirit derived from the teachings of modern sociology.

WE honor the cause of temperance and count ourselves among its allies, none the less earnest and unyielding is the faith, that we wear the name and badge of no particular organization. We admire and revere the leaders in this noble cause, even when compelled, as often happens, to dissent, from some of their methods, and modes of argument. The printed leaflet of our friend, Rev. S. H. Taft, of Humboldt, Iowa, lately sent us, deserves a work of cordial praise for the brave and vigorous spirit in which it is written, the devotion to a high principle shown throughout; but when the writer says that the principle of licensing saloons is a "villainous compounding of felony," and that the man who advocates it "is either under the hypnotic influence of a vicious education, or is a political demagogue;" when he predicts from the present condition of the liquor traffic, if left unchecked, "another and more fearful baptism of fire and blood, than that of the war of the Revolution," he seems to us to let zeal outrun judgment in the discussion of the question. The high license principle is under most circumstances a step on the way to the cure of the evil it attempts to regulate, and careful minds must recognize it as a step plainly curative and prohibitory, in its main intent and in many results. Our temperance friends should apply the principle of "open fellowship" in their labors, and try to welcome the help of those advocates of their particular reform who do not accept their own favored dogma, "prohibition," to judge their views and motives in a more friendly spirit, even if obliged to differ from them.

SPEAKING of the merits of the *code duello*, which an enlightened public sentiment now perceives do not exist, Mr. Powell in the article on "Alexander Hamilton," in the *Arena*, to which we have elsewhere called attention, after pronouncing it the "brutal" thing it is, adds with as much truth as candor, that "we have yet to reach one more stage of civilization, in which it shall be recognized that a stab with a pen or tongue is as much a crime as a shot from a pistol. Vile political controversy, that aims only to destroy, and not to establish justice and equity will some day be an historical fact only and not a permitted living fact."

THAT was an interesting and searching story that was given a week ago last Sunday night at the Church of the Messiah by E. S. Yovtcheff, an exile for conscience's sake from Bulgaria, the present "apple of discord in European politics." This gentleman was once postmaster general of Roumania, and until recently the proprietor of an important paper at Sophia, but under the severe censorship of that semi-oriental tyranny, he was compelled to leave to save his liberty, and abandon his property to confiscation. The Church of the Messiah and All Souls Church joined in a union meeting. The pastor of the latter conducted the introductory exercises and made an appeal for the cause represented by the speaker, at the close. The Sunday before Mr. Yovtcheff spoke in Unity church, and we trust he may be heard in many of our pulpits. The gentleman is a graduate of Hamilton College, New York, and has traveled theologically and geographically, far from his ancestral home for freedom's sake.

IN an address on "The Relation of Woman Suffrage to other Reforms," delivered to the late National Council of Women, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe admits that women can work in other fields of social reform, as in peace and temperance societies, social purity organizations, etc., without recognition of the principle of equal suffrage; yet she adds, and we think with profound philosophic insight, that the principle which is slowly bringing the political enfranchisement of women is identical with that inspiring these other measures. The old Christian scheme, said the speaker, preached, "Repent, for Hell is before you," but the new dispensation preaches, "Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." According to this new ideal the whole scheme of human progress holds together. Mrs. Howe is right. There is unity of spirit underlying all the progressive movements of the time and a growing unity of method, which no diversity in the single objects sought for can destroy or set aside.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON hopes that the World's Fair will produce something in the line of architecture that shall not tamely copy old world styles, the familiar "Renaissance" and "Classic" models. He pleads for a style of building that shall be purely American, typical both of the age and the event, though he commends the architects' expressed design that "the American eagle will not be permitted to scream," and that their work will be kept "within the lines of what is considered good taste the world over." He says, pertinently, that bigness counts for very little in such enterprises. The machinery building ought to be a development of the ordinary working factory in practical use. We are dimly perceiving the faint dawn of a National architecture. The Columbian exhibition, Mr. Atkinson thinks, should bring the period of full sunrise, the morning hour of a new day, recognized by all.

WHENEVER our friend, Rev. H. M. Simmons, lends his voice to the discussion of a particular theme, his utterance is usually as sound as it is energetic. He lately delivered an address in St. Paul on "The Causes of Poverty." These causes, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Simmons does not regard of such easy discovery and cure as do some of the professional social philosophers of the day. "Poverty," he says, "is not so much a product of historic or human causes as a relic of the prehistoric and natural state of the race." We believe Mr. Simmons correct in his denial of the charge that "the poor are growing poorer," admitting with him, though, that poverty is still far too abundant. He does well, also, to point out that the capitalists are by no means the wholly selfish and tyrannical class they are represented; that in the majority of cases they are "saving capital for the public service." Our railways and other great corporations are not simply signs of so much private greed and accumulation, but are part of the world's business capital and public wealth. Mr. Simmons mentions but one legislative reform he would like to see enacted. He favors a law which shall serve to put a limit to inherited fortunes by subjecting them to a heavy tax, believing that the community suffers most from wealth thus acquired.

### Why and How Do We Publish an Annual?

The eighth Annual of All Souls Church, Chicago, has just been published and distributed. During these eight years several of the churches of our household of faith have from time to time taken up this undertaking of publishing a Year-Book, meant to contain an exhibit of the financial standing, the educational, missionary and other activities of the church, and also, if possible, an approximate list of those who constitute the parish. But I think that in the majority of cases such a publication has been abandoned or become an *occasional* rather than a *regular* visitor. So far as I know the above named church is the only one that has persisted for as many years to put out its Annual without interruption, and in which it has become an apparently indispensable element in the church work. There are so many good reasons for the abandon-

ment of such a plan, and so many difficulties in the way of continuing it, that the wisdom of this persistency has often been called in question, more often from the outside than from the inside, and I am asked again by several correspondents to state in UNITY, Why and How we do it.

1. Why? Because it helps keep all our activities ship-shape. It necessitates business accuracy, financial clearness and integrity in all the departments of the church work. It compels a careful scrutiny of the outcome of every branch of work and every group of workers, and thus enables us to discriminate between the perfunctory and nominal activities and the actual and profitable outputs of the year. It is a severe, but profitable procedure to bring the actualities and the ideals of the church face to face in cold type, and to fix them in the somewhat alarming stability of a printed page. The knowledge that such an exhibit is forthcoming is a challenge to careful work, at least to honest bookkeeping and to deliberate consideration. Then again, through such a Year-Book all the members of the congregation are brought into the most intimate acquaintance with the various activities of the Church, all the important transactions of the year, whether financial or spiritual, are in this way laid open before the shyest members of the audience. The attempt to compile a parish list turns out to be very nearly allied to the work of creating such a list. It gives a working list that has great value throughout the year. And the modern minister has to use the United States mail as his errand boy often. It helps not only the pastor to make the acquaintance of his people, but it also introduces the people to one another.

But perhaps the most important of all the advantages gained is in the forward-looking plans which each Annual contains, the stability and definiteness of the social and study activities of the church, as well as more distinctly religious and moral exercises. Once the activities of the year are forecast, it is comparatively easy work to hew to the line. The church has made previous engagements with its constituency for certain dates and things. The activities of the Unity Club, reading room, the social section and what not, assume an inevitableness, promptness and regularity something like that of the Sunday-school and the preaching service. And as a matter of fact the printed schedules of our year's work are very seldom interfered with, and such plans rarely miscarry.

2. How? At first the minister and his immediate helpers ventured on an amount of editing, compiling and condensing, which now they would hardly do. The earlier year-books represented in the main the minister's estimate of the year's work, or, at least, it was put in *his* way. But with growing experience and growing dexterity in the year-book business, the workers themselves are allowed to report their activities in their own way, subject only to such editing and condensing as the exigences of printing demand. This parish helper, the year-book, has clothed our annual meeting with special dignity and importance. A few weeks before the annual meeting, all those from whom reports are expected are reminded of their duty and requested to prepare them in black and white, ink at that, and in such condensed shape and careful statement as will justify printing. These reports in the main form the historical part of the Annual. Immediately following the annual meeting, the minister and his new cabinet have various important and oftentimes protracted consultation, during which the whole campaign for next year is thought out, the precedents of the year before carefully considered, modified and brought to date. All this means work, but it is profitable work; it means time, but it is what time is for; it is economic use of time; it means money, but it is profitable investment. Our Annual, which has now assumed the proportions of over a hundred small pages, costs us about $125 for an edition of a thousand. But, as the chairman of our board recently put it, "It is very cheap and legitimate advertising of our work, and the money comes back to us several times over."

One other important How. We try to make it beautiful to the eye and to season it with such wisdom from the poet and sage, home word and borrowed word, as will entitle the little book to a place on the center table, and give it at least a twelve months' vitality. This necessitates the helpful co-operation of at least a few willing minds and skillful hands, and the number of such minds and hands capable of *learning* how to help in such work in the smallest Unitarian Church far exceeds the expectation of the most sanguine of pastors.

Speaking from the standpoint of a busy minister, I echo the testimony of a parishioner, "We could hardly keep house without our Annual." It is indispensable to me *because* of my busy life. I have ventured to say this much, hoping it may encourage some brother or sister minister to seek the help of this valuable tool for a live and working church. The agony comes in the earlier years, but the standards of excellence grow so that each year puts us on our mettle to do better than the last.

A closing hint. We have learned to do this work deliberately. Our annual meeting occurs early in January. At first we tried to hurry the Annual through so that it might appear in a week or two after; but it would not get ready. So now we make a virtue of our necessity and think it just right to have it for distribution at Easter time. Lest some one be too easily converted to this dream of an Annual, let me warn them, in conclusion, not to undertake it unless they are willing to put into it a good deal of work and a good deal of thought; and unless they can secure, as I have, the co-operation of a few workers whose loyalty is magnificent, and whose patience is sublime. To such, more than to the minister, is All Souls Church of Chicago indebted for its eight Annuals.

We have a limited number of copies of the Annuals for 1890, and for 1891, still on hand, which I shall be glad to send on application to any minister or parish worker reading these words, who desires to know further "why and how we do it." J. Ll. J.

## Dr. Talmage on the Resurrection.

The recent, yet already famous trial of Rev. Howard MacQueary for heresy has served to call attention anew to the doctrine of a material resurrection, and has given rise to more or less discussion of the subject. It will be remembered that Mr. MacQueary's disbelief in the reanimation of Jesus' flesh-and-blood body, and its final ascension into the skies, was one of the two special "heresies" with which he was charged, and for which he was brought to trial. Towards this subsequent discussion there has been no more picturesque and striking contribution than that given to the public in Mr. Talmage's sermon on Easter Sunday. To be sure the contribution is incidental rather than direct, but it is no less valuable and interesting on this account. The genius of this popular and representative divine is poetic rather than critical; long-winged, if not always sure-footed. And the theme in question offers him an airy field for his exuberant and untamed fancy. Indeed, had he chosen to paint with the brush instead of the pen, he would have cheapened the most fantastic creations of Doré. Since his remarkable Easter discourse of a few years ago, wherein he pictured a frantic mob of risen skeletons running to and fro over the cemetery paths, and said substantially to his audience, "You can't then say that I did not tell you of all this," the great Brooklyn preacher has given us nothing so realistic and interesting upon the resurrection of our cast-off bodies as we find in this last Easter sermon. We must pass by the strikingly original touches with which Dr. Talmage embellishes his description of the opening of the sepulcher door, and the reappearance of Jesus to the eyes of his friends. We are told that he left behind his "mortuary attire." This does not mean, as some might be led to suppose, the body of flesh and blood, but simply what in common English we should call grave clothes. The body of flesh and blood was *not* left behind, as the great preacher most realistically explains to us. It "begins to move in its shroud and slides down upon the pavement and comes up the marble steps." After such a description, only the most incorrigible skeptic will refuse to believe in the reality of what is described, and to believe in it exactly as described.

But we must pass on to that which may be said more nearly to concern our particular interests, as shown by Dr. Talmage in his picture of what is surely to be the experience of us all. "Various scriptural accounts," he tells us, "say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings"; and he adds that "no one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy." No, we should suppose not. "And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate — bone to bone, sinew to sinew — until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed." But Dr. Talmage is nothing if not concrete; he does not deal in wide generalities alone. And so, after one of his characteristic flights wherefrom he sees "the uncounted millions of the dead rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying towards the tomb, crying, Make way! O grave, give us back our body," he descends to deal with particulars. He mentions Sedan and Gettysburg, and various other battle fields of the old and new world. He takes us with him to Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill and Spring Grove and Lone Mountain, all by name. He embarks upon the sea. "From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies"; and he repeats the names of quite a list of lost ships.

Again he brings us to land and startles us with visions of what is to happen. "Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up! Crash! go the Pyramids! Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults!" "Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins" for their cast-off bodies! It seems restful to have him narrow the sweep of his vision to a smaller scale. "On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies." "A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie — that is where a traveler perished in the snow." Yes, if there can be a solitary spot on all this round earth where, in all the uncounted ages before us, with the teeming millions of earth's populations, the human body has not mingled again with kindred dust! But we imagine that even Mr. Talmage's prolific fancy has not provided for the return of all who have preceded us, to take up again the bodies which once they wore; and that in such full return there might be very serious dispute as to the title-deeds. Moreover, a man of practical turn might naturally ask why, if these freed spirits have gotten on so well through all these ages without their cast-off bodies, as would appear, they should come back after such lapse of time to take them up again.

But, seriously, Mr. Talmage does a good service by such sermons as this from which we have quoted. Such utterances serve to show what the old doctrine of a material resurrection involved, and how inconsonant it is with modern conceptions, and ideas when once we carefully consider it; how grossly materialistic it is, how little it appeals to what is spiritual in us, how lamely it grasps at the things unseen but eternal." And this credit must be allowed the man at least; that when he talks of "the resurrection of the body" he is saying what he means; which, alas, can not be said of many, and perhaps most, who continue to use the phrase in pulpit discourse and the solemn repetition of altar confessions. Not only with this doctrine, once of almost universal belief in Christendom, but also with many other doctrines nominally held, it needs only an honest and clean-cut statement of them and all that they involve, to make thoughtful men and women see that they are beliefs of the past and not beliefs of to-day. As beliefs of the past they are of interest to us; for whatever men have thought touching the problems of life here and hereafter has been a step in the long upward journey of the human mind and heart. But as nominally confessed while tacitly denied beliefs to-day, they are a weight upon public teaching and worship and canker with insincerity both pulpit and pew. The offense is less one of conscious intent than of careless habit. But its effect is wide-reaching and its cure imperative. A real reform of the pulpit would be felt all through our political and social life. But that reform can not come through the ministry alone; it can only come through an honest and earnest ministry supported by an honest and earnest laity. Is not this a need of the hour? F. L. H.

## Men and Things.

NEXT to Senator Hoar, Senator Evarts has had more college titles conferred upon him than any member of either house of the last Congress. He has received degrees from Harvard, Yale and Union colleges.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN, the blind preacher, is writing a book on the history and pioneers of the Mississippi Valley, to be published in the spring. He is assisted in his work by Charles Burr Todd.

ANDREW LANG is in poorer health than usual. He has recently had several hemorrhages. The portrait of Lang, prefixed to a late volume of essays, shows him to possess a lean, clever, kindly-eyed, fascinating visage, rather American than English in type.

AN American vessel that lately sailed from New York for Australia, carried out as a portion of her cargo, seventeen cases of type writers, eight cases of clothes wringers, 424 cases of furniture, and fifty-one cases of sewing machines. This is a most significant proof of Yankee skill and enterprise, the Boston *Journal* says.

WE learn from the *Boston Budget* that in Switzerland a Sunday law has been enacted applying to all railroad, steamboat, and tramway companies and postoffices. Working time must not be more than twelve hours a day, even on occasions of increased traffic. Engine and train men must have at least ten hours unbroken rest, and other employés nine hours. They must also have fifty-two days off yearly, and seventeen of these must be Sundays. No reduction in wages is to be made for such rest days. All freight traffic on Sunday is prohibited, except live stock.

# Contributed and Selected.

## The Final Test.

Art thou a lover? Canst thou love?
Should this the final question prove
Before the throne of God one day,
My soul, what wilt thou say?
Say that, as through thee being flowed,
Too many problems blocked the road,
Too many doubts without, within,
For love to enter in.

And say, that thou, so finely strung,
Couldst but vibrate when soothed or stung;
And how couldst thou thyself forget,
The point where currents met
Being thyself?—O soul of mine
Say that to love thou wert too fine,
Too full of life! Well, fearest thou then
To see God's face again!
Fearest not to stand in trembling dread,
Knowing thy love is all too dead,
Before His face? For such a fate
Doth not thy being wait?

Nay! myriad aeons mayst thou change,
Through cycles vast of being range;—
But never see God's face above,
Till thou hast learned to love.

H. P. KIMBALL.

## The Unitarian Eucharist.*

"This is *my* body" and "This is *my* blood of the covenant," with the emphasis upon *my*, convey to us a sense which seems to have been obscured by the zeal for preserving church rites for 1800 years. This *loaf* is the body I would offer in sacrifice in place of that prescribed by the law. This *cup* is *my* blood of the covenant, to be sprinkled upon the hearts of men, a sacred altar of worship. This bread and this cup contain in themselves a memento of God who gave them. There is a direct nexus of reasoning between these created blessings and the Father who created them. These can be made not merely a local means of leading thoughts of men to God, but can be used by "the many" outside of this Jewish nation, the world of humanity. Therefore this *cup* is the blood which is to be shed for the many.

I came not into this world to establish a monument to my person, my teachings or the events of my life. I came to lead you to God. I am the servant of you and of all men. You need not use extra occasions like the passover for worshiping God. But as often as you eat and drink, simply give thanks, and my object is fulfilled. The world can imitate you in looking up to the Father in gratitude. Eating and drinking is a common necessity, of constant or frequent performance. If you can induce all men to thank God for the loaf and the cup, you will have in that simple act set the hearts of men throbbing in unison a common praise to whom praise is due, which act is not in itself valuable alone; it will generate certain products of the mind which would otherwise remain dormant and hidden.

Thus did Jesus wish to make his supper a model supper. And why do we try to make it anything else? It is the most efficient means of Christianizing the world in this sense. Moreover, it is impossible to give any other reasonable interpretation to that scene which Matthew, Mark and Luke describe at the feast of the passover, in the narration of which they all agree that the object of such feasts was not to remember Jesus Christ, but to remember God; that the spirit of this occasion, therefore, was not the establishing of a monument to Jesus, but the leading men's thoughts back to the Creator and Benefactor of "all the world." What other ceremony than Eucharisteo (thanks) or Eulogeo (praise) to God could those disciples carry into all the world as a benefit? The Lord's Supper is our missionary.

Logically speaking, the Lord's Supper can not be a memento of Jesus, because the events or words of his life could not be compressed into one idea. It would be impossible to bring his life up before the mind in one instantaneous thought. Therefore, if Jesus exhorted his disciples to remember his life and teachings by this act, he enjoined a task impossible to perform.

If he would have the world look at the sacrament as a monument, he was not himself on this occasion. Such vanity had never in all his life been shown. He had even on this occasion taught that man is but the servant of his fellows, placed here for a short time as an instrument of evolution, upon whose ruins are to spring others of a more perfect type from the soil of his enriching. Often did he reprove men for trying to establish the idea of their personal grandeur in the minds of others. None is good but God.

This destroys the possibility of placing a symbolic interpretation upon his words, "This is my body" and "This is my blood;" which would make his personal body and the blood of his physical body symbolized by the bread and the cup; a literal rendering of which passages means pantheism. If the loaf and cup could be reminders of Jesus, however, logically speaking he would be very God. So that no strict Unitarian can sail under these colors intelligently. The bread and cup are not, strictly, reminders of any other than God.

By exposing the liberal tendencies of his progressive mind in freeing the people from all mere forms of worship, and liberating them from the abject slavery of these peoples to performance of unnecessary sacrifices of animal bodies on these occasions, we place Jesus in harmony with every word and event of his life of which we have any reasonable authority. And the passages are all in harmony with this rendering, namely, that the Lord's Supper is a model supper and a converter of all men to God.

This view dispenses entirely with that childish and senseless idea of vicarious atonement, which formed no part of his own teachings. Such theories as that of the vicarious atonement are inventions of a hero-worshiping age, and are not essential or kindred to Christianity proper. The possibility of the evangelists and apostles misinterpreting the words of Jesus at the feast, is all the more evidence that those words which appear in their narrative, alleged to have been used by him in this instance, were not intended to convey the egoistic sense, or rather nonsense, attributed to them in after years. Hard as it was to catch the unbiased ear of those who had been influenced both by Messiah-expectant Judaism and by hero-worshiping paganism of the times, still there remains in the report of his words enough of the altruistic aim of Jesus to prove his use of this occasion purely as an opportunity to deal a heavy blow against the Jewish custom of useless slaughter of animals in sacrifice to God.

The Rev. Dr. Milner says it was in offering up a sacrifice of bread and wine, instead of slaughtered animals, that Melchisedek's sacrifice differed from the generality of those in the old law, and that he prefigured the sacrifice which Christ was to institute in the new law from the same elements. No other sense than this can be elicited from the Scripture as to this matter." Also see Genesis 14: 18; Psalms 110: 4, and the following order of thanksgiving and praise to God for blessings; and Hebrews, 5th, 6th and 7th chapters. Bunsen's "Keys of St. Peter," page 55, and the teachings of the twelve Apostles chapters 9 and 10.

IRVING DORR LOVETT,
*Meadville Theological School.*

*It is due the writer of this article to say that it has lain in the editorial drawer some time, its publication having been necessarily delayed. The similarity of the views expressed to those lately uttered by another, Rev. M. J. Savage, make this explanation ust.—ED.

GOD works *in* man but not *instead* of him.—*Amelia Barr.*

## Unity's Mission and Work.

We must sometimes separate between the "mission" and the actual work or influence. A man may even fail in the noble thing he accepts as his special mission, and yet do one or more good things that make him a power in his life, and forever loved and remembered. So many good things are in our time needing to be done or said, there may be differences of judgment as to UNITY'S specific "mission," but there must be one verdict as to its actual work and influence in its fourteen years. It has always sought and spoken for things real, high, true and enduring. It has always sounded "one clear note of divers tones." It has never had any trifling or "off" days—any days in which its high purpose was suspended, and its nobleness given a holiday. It has never lost its sense of the divine in life. It has surprised some readers that it should be able to hold this so persistently, so unfalteringly and well, in presence both of adversity and of temptations to relax. Therefore it happens that some readers, in taking the weekly presence into the hand, have always felt a kind of challenge or summons to their best. Expecting nobleness, nobleness is summoned to meet it. And probably no reader ever opens its pages but he pays the little sheet the homage of expecting earnestness, honesty, and directness of word.

This has been UNITY'S actual work in fourteen years. It has been as a tonic to many minds and lives, which has gradually lifted and helped them grow into higher realms, broader thoughts, and clearer apprehensions of personal responsibility. If this is a good thing to have done, perhaps this has been and still is UNITY'S "mission."

E. C. L. B.

THAT primitive Brotherhood of Jesus was no more a church than the Prison Reform Association of to-day is a church, or than the Sanitary Commission, in the time of the war, was a church. It was an organization of practical philanthropists, who for the love of God renounced worldly pursuits and pleasures, and "went about doing good;" went as missionaries to awaken men to high ethical duties on which human welfare rests; went as friends of man to help the fallen to rise to their feet.—*Rev. Charles F. Bradley.*

TO DENY such a one [unable to believe in the soul's immortality] our fellowship, if it had any attraction for him, would be not less absurd than to deny it to one who should not find in himself any response to the reality that is connoted by that least and greatest of all monosyllables, which says so little and means so much,—dare I speak it?—God. These are the very people we want with us, if haply we can make them sharers of our joy.—*Chadwick.*

LET no man count himself an infidel who believes that righteousness is the great end of human life, and who longs for a more perfect reduction of his will to the moral sense.—*H. W. Beecher.*


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It is neatly bound in cloth, about 120 pages, with a pretty and appropriate cover design. The title of the book is *Helps for Home Nursing*, by Irene H. Ovington. Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago are the publishers, and it is for sale at the book-stores. Price 50 cents, including postage.

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# Church Door Pulpit.

## The Value of a Day.

A Sermon at the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, by Rev. John C. Learned. Published by a Member of the Congregation.

And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.—*I. Kings 20:40.*

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned any thing rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—*Emerson.*

When the poet Longfellow heard John Ware preach from the Bible text which I have read, he wrote in his journal, "That was a good sermon; I applied it to myself." While he was busy, while he was just looking about him, the days came and went, opportunities were lost, the plans laid out and cherished failed of fulfillment, age drew on, and it became more and more evident that the work of life must remain incomplete.

We look upon the life of the poet as exceptionally full and ripe; in labors rich and fruitful, in spirit happy and helpful. Yet over and over again do we find him chiding himself for his waste of time, and for his poor results. It must even be said that he chafes under what he considers the drudgery and routine of his college duties. There are other heights to which he aspires, other things he longs to do. The years go by and he finds the wings of his fancy pinioned fast, the inspiration of his muse comes not at his bidding, and the pinnacle of his hopes is never reached. But what would he have done without this restless ambition? What would he have been to the world to-day, to the world which, in every living literature, reads and is touched by his beautiful thoughts, had he not so valued the passing moments and grudged their loss, and met each new day with new resolution and desire to fill it with faithful work?

I. *Life is short.* It was the plea of the ancient psalmist that at its best it is a tale quickly told, a handbreadth, an arrow's flight. It was the plea of the old Saxon chief before Edwin of Northumberland in behalf of Christianity,—since the new religion might teach men something of whence this our life comes, and whither it goes. "Perhaps thou rememberest, O King! something which happens sometimes in the winter days when thou art seated at table with thy captains and thy men-at-arms, that a good fire is lighted, that thy chamber is very warm, while it rains, snows and blows without. There comes a little bird which crosses the chamber on the wing, entering at one door and going out by the other. The moment of this passage is full of sweetness for him; he no more feels the rain nor the storm. The bird is gone in an instant, and from the winter he passes again into the winter. Such seems to me the life of men on this earth and its course of a moment compared to the length of time which precedes and follows it. The time before birth and after death is gloomy. It torments us by its impossibility of comprehension; if, then, the new doctrine can teach us anything a little certain, it deserves to be considered."

If this symbolism has any fitness, if there is any sense in which we can liken life to a swallow-flight through a lighted hall, think now what we must lose if that passage be a blind flight, if the swift years find us thoughtless and without a plan. While we are busy, while we are just looking about, while we are wondering where we are, while we are taking pleasure, they are gone.

Most lives are impoverished, and multitudes are wrecked and lost for want of plan and purpose. There is no distinct aim. Men drift. It is as though God sent his vessels out to sea from the heavenly port without rudder or compass. Men act as if they had no reason and no conscience on board, and no haven of noble achievement to make. They let the winds of custom or fancy or pleasure take them into their currents and keeping. Every gust of desire turns them in a new direction. They cross and recross the great pathway of divine purpose and human service, now driven and tossed in the tempestuous storms of the higher latitudes, now lying idle in tropic calms; but for the most part making little progress in the intellectual, moral, or spiritual life. The years speed on, consumed by the trivial tasks, the half-hearted, hesitating efforts, or the insincere occupation of our lives. And then we wonder at the poverty of our endowments, at the fruitlessness of our course. We are amazed at the favor and fortune of others; that they who started with us on the voyage, with perhaps many less advantages, have gone steadily on and leave behind them careers full of honor and encouragement. But while thy servant was busy, while he was just looking around and occupied with trifles, or yielding to indulgence, life was gone, the years had slipped away.

II. *Life is long.* It depends somewhat upon our attitude of observation, somewhat upon our standard of comparison, as to whether we shall behold in life much or little, greater or less length or magnitude. In childhood, life seems almost infinite in duration; it is all before us and untried. We wonder how we shall be able to use such stores of time. We are prodigal at the prospect of such abundance, and lavish it freely upon every person or pleasure that applies for it. By and by we see that there is not so much of it as we thought; we would keep a little for ourselves. We get a glimpse of the great ages of duration, beside which our portion shrinks into smaller dimensions; and we are not so much in haste to secure new numbers upon the brief span allotted to us.

And yet to the wise man who lives close up to his opportunities, one day to look forward to is no meager blessing. It is much, it is truly a royal privilege, if we perceive its almost infinite possibilities,—possibilities of thought which can traverse the centuries of human history; possibilities of feeling which may sound the depths of the human heart; possibilities of action which, on this one day, by some true word or deed, may change the whole course of a human life, may leave an undying memory or influence in the world. Such is the momentous significance of a single day. And how long is even the shortest day, filled with its measured and lingering hours, silent and golden! What multiplied intervals there are amid its varied and even pressing duties to lift up mind and heart, to refresh ourselves for a moment in the fellowship of great and lofty souls, to recall fair and sacred memories that make the breast beat fuller with fine emotion, or the blood tingle with strong resolve, carrying us forward to a better and higher plane of manly and womanly work.

"Give me a great thought," said the German philosopher as he was sinking in the arms of death, "give me a great thought to refresh me before I die!" But as living souls thirsting after truth and immortality, we should say this every day. Give me a good thought, a divine truth every night for the spirit's comfort and peace, or every morning before the pressure of the day's duties, and if I can cause that to sink into my soul, or irradiate the path of my action, my life is raised, is redeemed. A good or great thought is an antidote against littleness. It is strength against temptation, and fortifies us against complaint. Man does not live by bread alone.

It was no doubt a dangerous custom, that of our puritan ancestors, of beginning and closing all days with family devotions; but for the few who knew how to use it rationally, to whom it never became a dead and insincere routine, it was a fountain of moral and mental strength. A great thought uttered in the prayer or read from that large volume of immortal sayings, the Bible, became food and force and support under the day's wearying toil. It became defense and sense of trust and peace as the night shadows settled down upon their humble homes and folded them in sleep.

Sometime I expect we shall be free enough to come back to these things. Not under the same forms, but from whatever standpoint we occupy, we shall not let our children go forth from the morning meal and the household guardianship without giving them a good, strong thought to take with them. It may be the wise, helpful utterance of some noble soul in the past, or the clear, persuasive word of some living prophet to stimulate them to noble endeavor, or to arm them against the dangers that beset every calling, every pathway of life. Any single day is too important to be entered upon lightly. Its issues are too momentous to be carelessly dismissed.

Emerson in his fine essay on "Works and Days," seeing the supreme worth of great moments, says, "Life is unnecessarily long." For, unless a man has learned to apprehend the value of a day, his condition is hopeless. Let such a day, unappreciated, be multiplied until it become a thousand years, and there is the same sodden dullness of existence, as at first. It is great moments that out-weigh all the commonplace of years. We only really live when we feel nobly, act courageously; when we think high thoughts, when we are making sacrifices for some imperishable good. We might well afford to exchange decades of our common time for some single hour of achievement, of friendship or of joy.

Life is long in years. How many of them have we already had, and for some among us there will be as many more,—whole, circling years! Yet "he only can enrich me who can recommend to me the space between sun and sun. 'Tis the measure of a man, his apprehension of a day,"—of its value, of its opportunities.

It is well, no doubt, to gain some discharge from our customary vocations, to vary our work and see new scenes occasionally, that we reach some more vivid realization of how time runs on, and a better sense of its patient delay than we are wont to do when the sight of our eyes is limited to our imperative daily tasks. Therefore holidays are useful. A day with nature, apart from crowds of men, if we can throw off care, is wholesome and refreshing. If we can keep still awhile in her silent but instructive presence, and behold her so quiet, so little in haste, so self-centered and sure, we may come to see what worth an hour or a moment may have; how really it enters into the constitution of all things and can not be shortened, though it may be wasted in the din and frivolities of the busy town.

This passage from our Concord teacher has often occurred to me with impressive power. He writes: "There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies and the earth make a harmony as if nature would indulge her offspring; when in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. *The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough.*"

In the most ancient times, the Day was the supreme object of worship. We see the indications which have led scholars to a knowledge of this, in the words Deus, Zeus, Jupiter,—names of God in the old mythology. As the day dawned, men knelt in gladness and in adoration. Its light was love and life. The worship of the Day must be again established. We must prove our thankfulness for its blessed return by consecrating its hours even in the morning light, and by all virtuous action. We must learn to prize the present moment, to seize the passing opportunity. It is an urgent invitation held out to every faculty. True, another comes in its place as soon as it has fled, and another still makes its mute appeal, though the soul heeds not, responds not, makes no salute. It is, then, the soul's loss, for, "This passing moment is an edifice which the Omnipotent can not rebuild."

Let us not complain, then, that this life of ours is too short in which to accomplish anything, and while we are just gazing about, or wasting it upon trifles, look up to find it gone. In the highest and most hopeful interpretation, even if the moment is winged, life is long. It is a lavish and kingly gift, and it has an infinite significance. The loss of an atom from the universe, it has been said, would be the destruction of the universe,—destroying its equilibrium, changing all its conditions and affinities, causing globes and systems to crumble and collapse. Not less significant to the spiritual universe is any human life. You are needed, I am needed, every soul that has existed or will exist is essential to the divine plan; was provided for and must come to time. If we, having freedom, fail to live the moments as they come to us, fail to seize them as they pass, and take from them the blessings with which they are laden, disorder enters into the divine laws; delay and hindrance of harmony and perfection is experienced in the world of men.

We have plainly too much time when it comes faster than we know how to utilize it. Look at the savage with his vacant years! What matter more or less to him? The danger and the harm to us as to him is that we are willing to throw it away. All wasted life — and there is so much of it — is life too long. The good life of brave deeds, of exalted motive, that only must ever seem too short to satisfy the affections and hopes of the human heart. How subtly has Emerson sketched man's failure to see the meaning of life in his mystic lines:

> "Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
> Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
> And marching single in an endless file,
> Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
> To each they offer gifts after his will,
> Bread, kingdoms, stars and sky that holds them all.
> I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp;
> Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
> Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
> Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

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He who destroys a fallacy, who eradicates a superstition, who establishes a healing principle or prolific truth, who in any way adds to the knowledge in the world and reduces the amount of error, confers a benefit of which the extent is simply incalculable, because its direction and its field of operation are simply illimitable.—*W. R. Greg.*

# The Study Table.

*Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 104 Dearborn St., Chicago.*

*Dreams.* By Olive Schreiner. Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 25 cts.

There is perhaps no more artificial literary form than the allegory, which at the same time is capable of being used with greater effectiveness than any other. Olive Schreiner has before demonstrated her skill in this line of writing in the allegorical interlude called "The Hunter," in "An African Farm," and in a separate piece, "Three Dreams in a Desert." The author has done nothing better in this line of work than the last. In the collection of writings before us is one other, "Life's Gifts," which bears on the same theme, the moral worth of freedom to the human soul, as distinguished from all more personal and selfish longings, even that of love. "A Ray of Sunlight Across My Bed," contains a lesson that contradicts the old theology, making hell a place of luxurious idling and indulgence, heaven a place of hard, unremitting, but self-educating and glorious toil. Olive Schreiner is one of the profoundest moralists of her day, her thought occasionally tinged with morbid fancy, but not often; her mode of expression at times strained and affected, but generally lifelike and inspiring? We can not commend the publishers' work here, with its handsome outside, covering paper of such poor quality that its mere touch to the reader's fingers is unpleasant. Not even its cheapness can excuse the coarseness of the work in this respect.

*In the Cheering-Up Business.* By Mary Catherine Lee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25.

A pleasant, well-told tale that grows in interest and merit towards the end. The motive is quite new, the author taking for her heroine one whom unfortunate circumstances had thrown penniless on the world, and who, like a multitude of girls, having no special talent or aptitude which could be put to money-making uses, is obliged to accept the place of companion to a half-sick and wholly selfish and crotchety old aunt, who thought she needed cheerful company. The niece assumes with professional seriousness and decision the task of being cheerful. The book shows well the selfish whims and cruelty which certain supposed unfortunate people—whom life-long physical weakness or some peculiar destiny sets apart for special consideration from others and exemption from the usual duties of life—may thoughtlessly inflict on their sympathetic friends. Miss Lee has written a thoroughly healthful and entertaining story.

*Angela.* A Sketch, By Alice Weber, Author of "Sixes and Sevens," etc. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1891.

The *motif* of this book of pretty story of child-life is not at all unlike that of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney." The Uncle Roger of the story is disposed to think that all is vanity and to believe that the less the heart engages itself with objects of affection the better is its chance of happiness and peace. He tries to bring up his niece Angela with this principle in view; tries to isolate her from the world. But he succeeds imperfectly. When he thinks she can be safely trusted for a little while without his providence she comes back with a relish for the things beyond her usual bounds. One thing leads to another, and at last she fairly takes the chance of all the sorrow love can bring to going without love. Love is the imperishable thing. The scheme is worked out in a thoroughly nteresting and effective way.

*The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani.* By Stanton Page, Boston: J. G. Cupples Co. Paper, 50 cts.

The above has received commendation from the highest sources, writers like James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Louise Chandler Moulton, F. B. Sanborn, writing to pay it public tribute in print. The book is quite unmodern in style, both in thought and construction, being a rambling tale of Italy, with a setting of old-time art, idleness and ease. The descriptive parts are particularly good. Mr. Lowell describes the book as of "a delicate Sternian quality," adding that "it tastes of genius." The name of the author is quite new, and sounds like a *nom de plume*. He is said to be a resident of Chicago.

## Periodicals.

ONE of the most striking features of this issue of *The Arena* is Prof. Jas. T. Bixby's contribution on "Buddhism in the New Testament." It is a reply to Dr. Felix Oswald's paper on the same subject in a former number, and is an able presentation of the Christian side of the problem. Arthur Dudley Vinton contributes a paper on "Morality and Environment"; E. P. Powell writes on Alexander Hamilton as a popular leader. We have elsewhere spoken of this paper. Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan concludes an essay on "Nationalization of the Land." The "No-Name Paper," written by a prominent nationalist, is a reply to Mr. Garland's "New Declaration of Rights," which appeared in the January *Arena*. Gerald Massey, England's veteran poet of freedom and the people, contributes a poem on "The Burial of Charles Bradlaugh." Will Allen Dromgoole, who scored a hit in her "Fiddling His Way to Fame," writes a story for the current *Arena*, entitled "The Heart of Old Hickory." A poem is contributed by Rev. W. H. Savage, and short papers by G. W. Weippiert, and A. G. Emery. The editor writes on "Extravagance and Penury in our Metropolis," "Leprosy of the Soul," and "White Slaves of New York." This issue of *The Arena* is at once rich in variety and strong in its presentation of great fundamental problems, which are agitating the popular mind at the present time. No magazine of the day is more in touch with progressive and reformative thought.

THE April number of the *Atlantic* opens with Part I of a new story in two parts, "The Brazen Android" by William Douglas O'Connor. W. D. McCracken writes on Arnold Wenkelried at Sempach, George Frederick Wright on the "Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Coast," and S. G. W. Benjamin on "The Armenians and the Porte." Mary E. Burt, whose labors in the study of literature in the public schools are well known, contributes an essay on "The Muses in the Common School," and William P. Andrew writes on "Goethe's Key to Faust," an initial number in which he discusses the Prologues. An Easter poem is contributed by Clinton Scollard, and others by Thomas William Parsons, Thomas S. Collier and William H. Hayne.

IN the April *Forum*, in "The Fate of the Election Bill," Senator Hoar declares that the Republican party, if it should permanently abandon that measure, would turn its back on the essential principle that has made Republicanism what it is; and he scores those Northern business men who, he says, by refusing adherence to the party, have played into the hands of the opponents of honest money. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in a study of the causes of increasing poverty in our great cities, places foremost the unwillingness of the poor to help themselves; and thinks that the inside force that shall compel them to do so must be furnished by the Christian Church. Roger Q. Mills writes on "A Defective Census." Prof. Goldwin Smith makes the Birchall murder a text for a discussion of the relations between religion and morality. Dr. Gatchell, of the University of Michigan, exposes the methods of so-called "mind-reading," which he calls "*muscle-reading*" instead, and explains at length. Prof. Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer, tells of the early disadvantages under which he labored in attaining his present eminence, giving interesting glimpses of rural life in the British provinces half a century ago. W. H. Mallock, writing on "Trades-Unionism and Utopia," shows how the dream of the universal federation of labor rests on a fallacy. Other articles in the number are on "Railway Passenger Rates," by Prof. A. T. Hadley, who shows, among other things, why the Hungarian "zone system" can never be adopted here; "The Flood Plains of Rivers," by W. J. McGee, who explains how our cities are concentrated on those most dangerous parts of our territory. W. E. H. Lecky, the distinguished English historian, reviews Lady Blennerhassett's "History of the Life and Times of Mme. de Stael," and presents a valuable study of the great French woman's character.

A WRITER in the *Saturday Evening Herald* tells us that Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, "early in life displayed a natural love for history. Much of her childhood was passed in Goshen, Mass., and part of her school life in Northampton and Easthampton. Besides her talent as a historian, she possesses fine mathematical abilities. She has the rare faculty of simplifying elaborate and abstruse scientific problems, so that even the very young can comprehend and also enjoy reading them. She is the author of the most complete history of New York City; and, for that matter, of any city in the world. Her magazine is in every first class public library in all English speaking cities of three continents, and many a private collection is enriched by it."

## The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Life of Arthur Schopenhauer. By W. Wallace. New York: A. Lovell & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 217. Price, 40 cents.

James Freeman Clarke. Autobiography, etc. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 430. Price, $1.50.

The Light of the World. By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Paper, 12mo, pp. 286. Price, 50 cents.

Rhymes of Childhood. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 186.

Money. By Emile Zola. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 435.

Sardia. By Cora Linn Daniels. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo, pp. 299. Price, 50 cents.


# THEODORE PARKER,

A LECTURE BY

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Edited by John H. Clifford and Horace L. Traubel.

*The Open Court:* The editors have brought together in this tastefully bound volume the substance of a lecture which Mr. Johnson had written on Theodore Parker, and which he had subjected to many revisions. Few may be regarded as so well qualified as Mr. Johnson to portray the tendencies of the great religious movement of which Theodore Parker was the leader; and additional value attaches to the work from the fact that it is not wholly eulogy, but also an estimate. "Parker," Mr. Johnson says, "is the prophet, the forerunner of that great future religion which shall be intellectually and spiritually broad, deep and earnest enough to lift all our present secular interests, our materialistic passions and desires to an ideal purpose."

*Publishers' Weekly:* This lecture was delivered by the author of "Oriental Religions" in 1860, shortly after the death of Theodore Parker. Since his own death in 1882, this lecture has been found among his papers, and it is thought a timely contribution to the literature now being issued by religious liberals of various schools. The lecture does not give detailed biographical data, but is a profound spiritual estimate of the character and services of Theodore Parker, who in his day stood alone "as the popularizer of thought, as the reducer of all wisdom to that simplicity and clearness which is the seizing of it with the whole soul and the giving of it with the whole heart, for practical and universal good."

*Universalist Record:* Certainly one of the richest biographies, one of the most delightful and inspiring little books of the year, is Samuel Johnson's *Theodore Parker*. Parker is living to-day, in the life of America, as never before. Since his death, he has taken full possession of Unitarianism, he has found his glorious way into every nook and corner of Universalism, he has risen until he overlooks and speaks the commanding religious word to all the liberal and liberalizing hosts of the land. Johnson's book is timely. It comes with freshness, vigor, sweetness, clearness and power, and it must reawaken the thoughtful and the loving to the life of one of the world's most candidly and bravely thoughtful, one of the world's most deeply and tenderly loving. Every minister ought to take it with him and read it during vacation. It will inspire two or three of the best sermons—perhaps a dozen of the best—for the coming year. Every man and woman of thoughtful religion ought to read it, for it will give a nobler standard of judgment and a finer appreciation of the minister's work.

The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper, with wide margins, tastefully bound, and makes an octavo volume of seventy-eight pages. The price, including postage, is ONE DOLLAR.

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*Cincinnati Times-Star:* Here is something new. Here is a voice that ascends from the pioneer clearing in the forest, and chants, not the weak and effeminate rhymes of the singer in the gilded world, to whom life is a mere matter of conventionalities, but the strong earnest notes of one who has really seen and felt nature, and to whom living is still a matter of old-fashioned responsibility. He sings like a wood-bird, because he has something to sing, and this is one of the great merits of this modest volume of poems.

*Literary World:* Includes some unpretentious verses of decided poetical merit. The pioneer poems, which the author speaks of lightly, are, to our way of thinking, the best in the collection. Mr. Parker writes from the heart, his imagery is simple and appropriate to his themes, and while his command of expression is not elaborate, it suffices amply for his needs.

*Boston Transcript:* Mr. Parker is a "plain, blunt man," evidently, with a good deal of poetry in his composition. He sings of the settler's life in the west, and there he is at his truest and best.

*Alice Williams Brotherton, in Unity, Chicago:* The poet has known the haunt of partridge and gray squirrel, the taste of may-apple and haw and hish paw-paw. Here is that "local color" for which our English critics have so often clamored, and the genuine

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# Notes from the Field.

**Salt Lake City, Utah.**—The new Unitarian society has been organized and Rev. David Utter secured as pastor. The movement has a strong financial backing, the congregations are large and the outlook full of encouragement.

—Rev. F. W. Blohm writes us some interesting facts about the Danish People's "Congregation" of Salt Lake City, of which he is leader and pastor. The society is as yet unorganized. The minister gathers his people around him on Sunday, preaches to them in their mother-tongue, supplies them with literature and serves them as he is able, without any stated pay. He puts up with the Sunday collection which "does not amount to much." He says of his people, "They are Scandinavians, principally Danish. They came here as Mormons and are Mormons more or less yet. I do not insist so much upon their leaving the Mormon church as I insist upon their becoming more intelligent and better;—then their relation to Mormonism will take care of itself. They are good people at heart, but their environment has been a hindrance to the development of their better self. They are laboring people and poor and can not support the work which they need so much to have done among them. I have been assisted somewhat by Danish Lutherans in the East, but that support is drying up on account of my more open liberal operations. The work I do is needed. It will pay by and by, but for some time must of necessity be supported, like all the other mission enterprises from the outside. My family is rather large (eight children) to continue such a work under such circumstances, but can it go no otherwise, I shall take some occupation during the week and do what I can for my people on Sundays; but they need my help right along. In order to succeed, *much personal work must be done.*" Any one desiring to aid this self-sacrificing minister in his work can do so by addressing him directly at No. 760 First street, Salt Lake City, or through the Western Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

**Ethics and Religion.**—Professor Felix Adler, of New York, recently addressed his Society for Ethical Culture on "Evolution and Religion." The address, which we find reported in *The Conservator* for March, is worthy to be read, every line of it. He said: "I am personally pledged to religious ideas. They are necessary to my life. I want to help sow seeds of the religion that is to be. In my religious teaching I address the few who care to follow abstract thought in ethical work. I speak to all. Ethics is the nursery of religion, and it satisfies on its own account those who have no interest in religious interpretations. And yet you can not do a good act without being lifted into a spiritual atmosphere. Even in the religious interregnum men will hope, labor and love, show patience and self-sacrifice. Where love is there is deity. The higher faith will be more felt than thought, express itself more in act than word. As with faith in God, so with the hope of immortality. Who that loves can believe that the idol of his heart can be lost forever? All that is best in earthly possessions argues their permanence. Every man who lives rightly feels that within him is something destined not to die. Evolution postulates progress. Throw yourself into its stream and you will be stirred by a life that spreads far beyond the ken of mortal eye."

**Boston, Mass.**—A very excellent portrait of the late Rev. Wm. P. Tilden was hung in the A. U. A room last Saturday. Rev. A. P. Peabody, in a touching address, presented the portrait to the association, and Rev. Grindall Reynolds accepted the memorial with a few expressive words.

—One of the Catholic newspapers advocates the introduction of prayers in the English language in the Roman Catholic church services.

—At the next meeting of the Ministerial Union Prof. W. J. Tucker, D. D., of Andover, will give the essay on "The new Gospel of Wealth."

—Easter services and Sunday-school festival concerts were held by all the denominations. Decorations were frequent, and gifts to children of cut flowers, or of flowers growing in pots, were made in many churches.

—Instead of a service on Good Friday evening in the Unitarian churches of the South End, there was a union service of various denominations in the orthodox Old South Church. Revs. Brooks, Gordon, Moxom, Parks and Herford took part.

—Ramabai's India school reports twenty widows and thirteen others as pupils—the oldest twenty-three and the youngest nine years of age.

**Cleveland, Ohio.**—The Easter Greeting of Unity Church, Cleveland, comes to us bearing with it a full order of service of Easter Festival for congregation and Sunday-school, with carols, responses, anthem and benediction. Before the sermon comes the "christening" service and after the sermon the distribution of flowers. Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson spoke before Unity Club on Thursday evening, March 26, on Henry D. Thoreau.

**Kendallville, Ind.**—The new People's Church at this place has just issued a circular which defines its bond of union in the broadest terms: "Its religious purpose is the provision of simple edifying ways of worship, chiefly seeking—to *define faith* in God by goodness of will and work, to *exalt* the spirit of *right* as more essential than any ceremonial forms or printed books, and—to *foster* that *divine conscience*, which must after all be the seat of authority in personal religion. 'Let no man take thy crown.' The new organization does not shrink from being accused of the proselyting spirit which, pursuing right methods, is praiseworthy instead of blamable. The founders of the new organization frankly invite those "members of other churches who have come to believe personal righteousness the *grand essential* to which formalism is subordinate, to come together in the membership of this open church. Religious connections based on preferences of form either in conduct of worship or in metaphysical theology, need not be disturbed by such a union. Ours is a fellowship of those who object to forms only when they are placed before righteousness, a fellowship of those who put righteousness first, and try to live up to it. *Do You?* Then, if you do, we ask you to join us."

**Kalamazoo, Mich.**—Rev. C. J. Bartlett has resigned the charge of the Unitarian church at Kalamazoo, in order to carry out a long-cherished wish to visit Europe. She sails for Ireland May 13, and expects to be absent for six months or more. Her work at Kalamazoo is left in the hands of her colleague, Marian Murdock, who has won a warm place in the esteem of the people. The church is thoroughly organized on various lines of work, and the congregation has largely increased. A system of Quarterly meetings has been inaugurated, with fine effect upon the society. Miss Bartlett's last sermon, on "Easter and Salvation," was printed in the daily papers, and is to be put into pamphlet form. She has been invited to repeat the sermon in the opera house. She bears with her, wherever she goes, the love and affectionate interest of her people.

**Saco, Maine.**—We are in receipt of a card from Saco, Maine, "With Easter Greeting from the Second Parish in Saco, J. L. Marsh, pastor." The folded card of six pages is filled with appropriate poetical and prose selections, showing a cordial sympathy with the broadest and latest thought. The last page contains an earnest personal appeal "to rise more into the Spirit of Jesus and partake more fully of his love," the appeal closing with Art. 1 of the By-Laws of the society, setting forth its object to be "to maintain public religious worship and instruction, to encourage charitable and benevolent activities; to advance the moral and spiritual interests of its members and to extend a knowledge and practice of pure religion."

**Jacksonville, Ill.**—"The American Akademe" met in the Akademe room, which was filled to overflowing on the evening of the third Tuesday of March. After preliminary exercises, the president, Dr. H. K. Jones, introduced Rev. C. F. Bradley, who read a forcible paper on the "Growth of Religious Symbolism," or the "Origin of Religious Rites and Dogmas." The paper called forth an interesting discussion, and was reported at length in the Jacksonville *Journal* of March 22. The *Journal* pronounces it "a paper full of earnest and scholarly thought, and written in the deepest spirit of reverence."

**Midland, Mich.**—We copy the following from the Midland *Sun*: Saturday evening the Unitarian church received and accepted the resignation of their pastor, Rev. L. R. Daniels, who has received a call from Big Rapids and will assume his duties April 1. He has been with the Unitarian church here for six years. His people hold him in high esteem, and feel that he has developed the Unitarian doctrine here to stay, and while they are sorry to lose him, do not mean to let the thought, "Love to God and love to man" die out with his departure.

**The Chicago Unitarian Club.**—The club met April 1, at 8 p. m., at the Western Unitarian Headquarters, the president, John Wilkinson, in the chair. The guest of the evening—Mr. Edward W. Emerson—was introduced by the chairman, and proceeded to read selections from the poems of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, interspersing the reading with bits of anecdote and incident. The evening passed delightfully and enabled the members of the club, as one of them remarked on going out, "to get a little nearer to the father through the son."

**St. Joseph, Mo.**—The work here continues successfully. The Sunday evening services have become so popular that hundreds are turned away, being unable to find standing room. The new year opens up with the brightest prospects, although the society has lost a valuable member, Mr. A. Steinacker, he being unable to take any part in the church's work. Thirty-five new names have been added to the church book.

**Hartford, Conn.**—Unity Society of Hartford sends an "Easter Offering" to the "Emerson Fund" of the W. U. C., which is duly acknowledged in another column by the treasurer of the conference.

**Minneapolis, Minn.**—We have received the programme of People's Meeting, Easter Service, Sunday, March 29, at Century Music Hall. Hymns were sung written by Samuel Longfellow and F. L. Hosmer. The musical feature of the service was quite elaborate. A short sermon on "The Resurrection of Jesus," was delivered by the pastor, Rev. S. W. Sample. The hall was crowded to overflowing and the floral display quite attractive.

**Galesburg, Ill.**—The Universalist Pastors' Institute was held in Galesburg, March 30 to April 7. Rev. Florence Kollock and Rev. A. J. Canfield, of Chicago, were present and took part in the exercises. Miss Kollock spoke on "Applied Universalism," and Mr. Canfield on "Constructive Universalism."

**Brainardsville, N. Y.**—An appreciative subscriber, returning "coupons" and money to the publishers of UNITY, writes: "I read UNITY from cover to cover and *live* on it. I will try to send more subscribers."

**Assonet, Mass.**—We learn through a private letter that the Christian Endeavor Society of Assonet uses in its devotional meetings the Unitarian Hymn-book introduced by an earnest member of the society who is a Unitarian.


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**Albany Argus:**—The style is clear and forcible, and the author shows himself abreast of modern thought.

**Oberlin Review:**—If there is any helpful inspiration to be given by one who denies the personality of God, and adores "the working force of the Universe," of which "man is the factor," in his stead, this book gives that inspiration.

**Baltimore American:**—While there are very many poignant truths in this work, there are many views advanced which to the young, undeveloped mind, may prove dangerous.

**Saturday Herald:**—Mr. Powell writes with power. He has a clear, strong style. He is a man of war, but as he says, he does not fight religion, only theology.

**Literary World:**—Strong, even, bold essays on ethical and religious subjects. They are the work of a man of vigorous intellect who has studied the doctrine of evolution long and carefully, and has not found it necessary to abandon all his old reverences. The discourses are full of interest to the casual reader by reason of their fund of anecdote, and biographical citation, and to the seeker for religious and moral truth they offer many helps.

**Christian Register:**—The title of this collection of discourses well expresses the elements they reveal. They ring with liberty and are surging with life. Though the author has a deep philosophy, he is careful in his sermons not to sink into the depths of profundity, or, on the other hand, to preach over the heads of his hearers. His terse, direct, ringing sentences strike home.

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*Thurs.*—Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Fri.*—Truth hath a quiet breast.

*Sat.*—Condemn the fault, not the actor of it.
—*Shakspeare.*

## Arbor Day in Hard-Scrabble District.

What disreputable looking school premises! The first glance at them told Miss Patty that the Hard-Scrabble pupils were a rough set; and soon she found herself face to face with a ring of boys who meant to "break her all up" at their earliest opportunity. But Miss Patty puzzled them. She was continually doing the thing they least expected. When they meant her to cry, she laughed,—sometimes after a fashion that made their cheeks burn. And when they meant her to laugh, she looked grave. Strangest of all when they expected her to be angry, she was patient, but so steadily persistent that her will prevailed in the end. And when they expected her to be patient, a few indignant words that showed their actions in an entirely new light, occasionally burst forth. Indeed, it gradually dawned upon Miss Patty's boys that there was material in them for something better than "hard customers," and that Miss Patty's good opinion was really worth winning, after all. Nobody else was quite like her. She was little, but she was n't afraid of anything—not even of failing. And then she had such a big heart! No matter how much trouble a fellow made her, she was just as ready as ever to help him, and her quick eye saw just where he needed help, too. Other teachers might do the very same things she did, but they would n't do them in the same way. The truth is, Miss Patty had an individuality just adapted to the Hard-Scrabble district, and was accomplishing a work there for which she could never be compensated in dollars and cents. Already she had won the respect and love of every pupil under her care, even of Dick Burchard, who heretofore had been the worst, as he was the largest boy in school.

Miss Patty planned to observe Arbor Day with appropriate exercises, and succeeded in interesting her pupils deeply in various preparations for that event. All their parents were invited to listen to "a good programme" in the afternoon, and the boys and girls meant it to be worth hearing. So they studied, wrote, practiced songs, and rehearsed recitations very faithfully indeed. And on the last morning they met to put the school premises in holiday trim for their guests.

"Nobody but the boys would ever have thought of half these things we needed, either," said Miss Patty, as she hunted in the little tool basket for a screw with which Dick put in place the loosened hinge of a door.

Then the boys went to nail some new boards on the fence, while the girls and Miss Patty swept and dusted, and turned the plants in the schoolroom windows.

"Can't we fix this gate, Tom?" said Charlie Smith. "It looks as if it was drunk, leaning half way to the ground. Teacher wants things up in shape for our 'lawn party.' Then they'll have to drive in here when they bring the lumber for seats, and this concern can't be opened till its mended."

"We can mend it in a jiffy!" Tom replied, springing forward to lend his assistance.

"May n't I dig a place to set the tree in?" asked Bert Brown, seizing a spade.

"Dick Burchard's got to measure it first," said Charlie. "Teacher told him just how."

"Dick and you dug the tree up," grumbled Bert, "I think teacher's letting Dick do everything!"

"He's older than the rest of us; that's the reason," responded Charlie.

"He did n't come to school after spring work began last year!" retorted Bert.

"Miss Patty coaxed his father to *let* him come this year," said Tom.

"Dick's father says she did n't coax him. She only showed him Dick was learning," Charlie explained.

"All right," consented Tom, good naturedly. "I wanted to name our tree, but Miss Patty is going to do that herself. I wonder what she'll call it?"

"George Washington, likely," suggested Charlie.

"Or Abe Lincoln, or James A. Garfield," added Bert.

And so, with boyish chat, girlish laughter and hearty good-will, the Hard-Scrabble school premises were put in a very respectable condition, and everything was made ready for the proper planting of the sturdy little oak that Dick and Charlie had brought to the spot—the little oak whose christening was to form the crowning feature of the afternoon's entertainment, and whose natural beauty was henceforth to adorn the play-ground of the "little men and women" of the neighborhood.

By and by the parents came gathering in until every seat was full, and recitation benches had to be brought from the school-room to accommodate the younger pupils. Then the exercises began, and all went well, for hearts and voices were in excellent tune. All the songs and declamations were in praise of forest and flower, and Sarah Smith's essay gave a great deal of curious information about the native trees of the surrounding country. Finally the boys came forward, and with much shoveling, pounding and sweating, and a few suggestions from their elders, set the specimen of their choice firmly in the ground.

How astonished everybody was when Miss Patty named the young oak *Richard Burchard!* And how Dick felt her kindness, even while she was making him and all the rest see that he had faults, and sho ing how much nobler and better he could grow to be. She was his friend; Dick realized that; and she really trusted that in manhood he would be strong and good—a comfort, a protection, a joy to those about him. All her other pupils realized someway, that she was their friend, too, and that her words were meant for them as well as for Dick. And after the closing song, and the warm hand-clasps of the parents present, Miss Patty needed no spoken assurance to convince her that Arbor Day in the Hard-Scrabble district had yielded good results.

MARION LISLE.

A six-year-old resident of a Chicago suburb asked her Presbyterian grandmother what Easter was for. The grandmother explained it from a Presbyterian standpoint and told her how God sent Jesus, his only son, into the world to save sinners, and how Jesus was persecuted, and suffered, and finally died upon the cross, endeavoring to impress upon the child's mind the debt we owe to Jesus. The little girl thought about it a while and then asked, "Grandma, why did n't God save sinners himself and not make his son so much trouble?"

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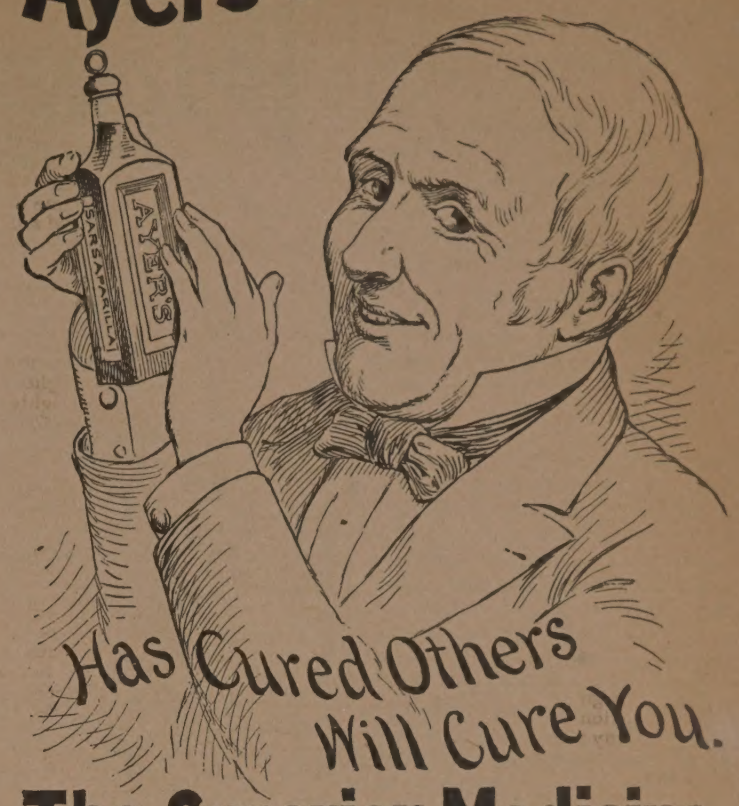


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## Announcements.

### WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The treasurer reports the following cash receipts.

FOR CURRENT EXPENSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $1,053.68 |
| All Souls Church, Chicago | 20.00 |
| | $1,073.68 |

ON ENDOWMENT FUND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $3,642.00 |
| W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y. | 500.00 |
| Miss A. A. Ogden, All Souls Ch. Chicago | 30.00 |
| | $4,172.20 |

ON PARKER MEMORIAL FUND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $2,852.45 |

ON EMERSON FUND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $10.00 |
| Unity Society, Hartford, Conn. An Easter offering | 8.05 |
| | $18.05 |

### Unity Library.

The first number of *Unity Library*, THE AURORAPHONE, is now ready and is advertised in another column. It will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifty cents. Send to us for it, or if you trade with a bookseller, ask him to get you a copy, and advise him to give us a standing order for the series: by so doing he can get the privilege of returning unsold copies.

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### Please Look at your Label.

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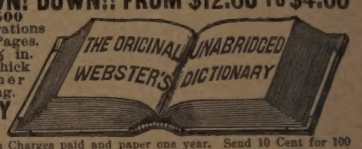


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